

THE  
**Mirror of the Stage;**  
OR,  
NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.

“To hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to nature;  
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;  
And the very age and body o’ th’ times its form and pressure.”

---

No. 13.] MONDAY, JAN. 27th, 1823. [Vol. II.

---

MEMOIR OF MR. WILKINSON.

MR. WILKINSON is one of the very few original actors of the present day. A “swashing” manner, extravagant adaption, and continued bustle, often cheat judgment into a smile, spite of itself; and being once thrown off its guard, it becomes more accessible to the same advances, till criticism is compromised by a willingness to be amused, even though that amusement is not gathered from a legitimate source. Such is not the case with the actor in question. The laugh which he invites, is enjoyed from the genuine flow of nature, as pure as unconstrained. We admire to see a performer act, as it were, internally; (a want of which is too prevalent, more especially with comic pretenders;) language to be the secondary means of communicating the business and character of the scene—to discover in an actor’s look and gesture the “spring of action.” Such admiration may be ever awakened by an acquaintance with the portraits of this gentleman. The simpleton, the eccentric, and the boor, alike receive from his judicious touch the unfading glowing colours of reality—he makes them his own—embodies them with a truth of humour seldom equalled, never surpassed—it is as steady in its course—(never distancing propriety for ignorant approbation) as commanding in its powers. There is no *swaggering* into good opinion. A tenacious discrimination guides each movement; and they who have witnessed his *Muffin-cap*, (that amusing compound of vacancy and awkwardness,) might think his observance of nature partook in some degree with the nicety of Garrick’s, when he hinted to the French Comedian, that his *feet* were not sufficiently drunk. The silly smile of conscious merit, mingled with the fear of appearing presumptuous in his claims to the country manager’s observation, when he in-

forms him "that he has *wrote* a piece" would alone stamp him an actor. The same excellence is prominent in *Hookey Walker*, *Simpkin*, *Wittikind*, *Spatterdash*, &c. Indeed, the remembrance of this gentleman's powers in the above characters, causes our wonder and regret, that more exertions have not been made lately at the English Opera to ensure to Mr. W.'s talents parts more worthy their direction. The silly Tom and Jerry mania has for some time disappointed our pleasures as connected with Mr. Wilkinson. Notwithstanding the town, Messrs. Rodwell and Moncrieff owe him much for enlightening the unmeaning trash of breaking windows, watchmen's heads, together with vulgar dialogue, by the gleams of genius, whenever it could struggle through the stultifying folly that surrounded it.

In *Green in Paris*, Wilkinson "is himself again;" he is the very soul of the piece. How frequently does he enhance the commonplace and foolish by the frequent touch of genuine talent: and here we must take an opportunity of congratulating this gentleman on a right judgment as regards himself, and assuredly a praiseworthy one, as respects the public. It often occurs, that actors are given parts, which, from their inappropriation or unworthiness, or other cause, they conceive beneath their wonted efforts, and consequently fail to bestow that attention demanded: this is an error, and a frequent one. An audience are not to consider managerial influence—green-room bickerings—or perhaps over-rating vanity—every actor owes to the public his exertions: an audience becomes the creditor of the evening, and it is the duty of a performer honestly to discharge himself.—We are convinced from frequent notice, that Mr. Wilkinson is sensible of the obligation. We regret, as we have before mentioned, his having been allotted characters unequal to his powers; but, if we have experienced a disappointment at the situation of the actor, it has not been without the highest consideration for the man; for the same tenacious observation, the same exactitude, has characterized the most unworthy production. To return to *Green*,—it is evident Mr. Wilkinson has made it. A morning paper has asked "Why was *Green* taken from the gentleman who represented it in "*Life in London*?" it might as well be said, that if "*Richard II*" should be played, and Mr. Chapman of the Coburg, for instance, should in that piece fill the the stripling *Hotspur*, that he, at the next acting of "*Henry IV*" should sustain the fiery *Percy*, to the spoliation of Mr. Kean or Mr. Young?—merely on the argument of his first possession. At this rate, *Queen Elizabeth*, in the "*Earl of Essex*," is to be taken in swaddling cloaths from Archbishop Cranmer. We allow that Mr.

Brown did great credit to *Green*; yet the character has now grown in consequence, as "*Gil Blas*" last summer grew in years;—and Miss Kelly's *Gil Blas* at sixty would not have been more inconsistent than Mr. Brown's *Green* in its present stage. We hope to be understood as not questioning in the least the merits of Mr. B. in their proper direction; and regret that more has not been done for him. To Mr. Wilkinson we are much indebted; and it is most earnestly we thank him for the many moments of "heart easing mirth" which he has so bountifully afforded us.

Following the general rule, we proceed to give the birth, life, parentage, and education of Mr. W. who is a native of London. After attending several private exhibitions he procured an engagement, at an enormous salary of course, with Mr. Jerrold, a provincial practitioner, who was astonishing the "Craubourn folk," in Kent. He opened in *Valverde*—(don't start—Liston played *Romeo*;) but the manager perceiving in his first attempt in the tragic line, so much *comedy*, prevailed upon him to steer that course in which he has met so much deserved approval. Afterwards he engaged with Mr. Trotter, then went to Scotland, where he long "felt the influence of star malign," and after many severe hardships, he received an engagement from the Norwich Theatre. From thence he came to the English Opera House in the summer of , where he opened in *Simon Spatterdash*, in the "*Boarding House*," gaining great success from the excellence of its representation, and laying the foundation stone of his present well-deserved fame.

D.

## The Dramatic Budget,

A COLLECTION OF

ANECDOTES CONNECTED WITH THE STAGE.

### 1. Interview between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons.

In a letter from Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, (Oct. 27th, 1783,) he thus writes:

"Mrs. Siddons in her visit to me, behaved with great modesty and propriety, and left nothing behind to be censured or despised. Neither praise nor money, the two powerful corrupters of mankind, seem to have depraved her. I shall be glad to see her again. Her Brother Kemble calls on me, and pleases me very well. Mrs. Siddons and I talked of plays, and she told me her intention of

exhibiting this winter the characters of *Constance*, *Catharine*, and *Isabella*, in Shakspeare."

Mr. Kemble has given the following minute of what passed at this visit:

"When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which he observing, said with a smile; 'Madam, you, who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself.'

"Having placed himself by her, he with great good humour entered upon a consideration of the English Drama, and among other enquiries particularly asked her, 'Which of Shakspeare's characters she was most pleased with:' upon her answering that she thought the character of *Queen Catharine*, in *Henry the Eighth*, the most natural, 'I think so too, Madam, (said he,) and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the Theatre myself.' Mrs. Siddons promised she would do herself the honor of acting her favorite part for him, but many circumstances happened to prevent its representation during the Doctor's life.

"In the course of the evening, he thus gave his opinion on the merits of some of the principal performers whom he remembered to have seen on the stage: 'Mrs. Porter in the vehemence of rage, and Mrs. Clive in the sprightliness of humour, I have never seen equalled. What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well. She was a better Romp than I ever saw in nature. Pritchard in common life was a vulgar ideot, she would talk of her gown; but when she appeared on the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.—I once talked with Colley Cibber, and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art.—Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer. There was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken "*To be or not to be*," better than he did. Yet he was the only actor I ever saw, whom I could call a master both in tragedy and comedy, though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellence.' Having expatiated, with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr. Garrick's extraordinary eminence as an actor, he concluded 'with this compliment to his several talents.' And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table."

Jolinson, indeed, had thought more upon the subject of acting, than might be generally supposed. Talking of it one day to Mr. Kemble, he said, 'Are you, Sir, one of those enthusiasts, who believe yourself transformed into the very character you repre-

sent.' Upon Mr. Kemble's answering that he had never felt so strong a persuasion himself; "To be sure not, Sir, (said Johnson,) the thing is impossible:" and if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster Richard III. he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it.

## 2. *The Puff Satirical.*

We have heard of the *Puff tremendous*, the *Puff elegant*, the *Puff direct*, and other Puffs innumerable. Perhaps we may swell the list, by the introduction of the *Puff Satirical*.

The following advertisement from Liston (we can fancy his countenance as he wrote it, and would give half a coat-lappet, and receive a black eye in the pit-passage, to hear him read it,) appeared in the Newspapers in June, 1817, on the approach of his benefit. It is an admirable satire on modern Puffing.

Mr. Liston to the Editor.

Sir,

My benefit takes place this evening at Covent Garden Theatre, and, I doubt not, will be splendidly attended. Several parties in the first circle of fashion were made the moment it was announced. I shall perform *Fogrum*, in "*The Slave*," and *Leporello*, in "*The Libertine*;" and, in the *delivication* of these *arduous* characters, I shall display much feeling and discrimination, together with great taste in my dresses, and elegance in my manner. The audience will be delighted with my exertions, and testify by rapturous applause their most decided approbation.

When we consider, in addition to my professional merits, *the loveliness of my person, and fascination of my face*, which are only equalled by the amiability of my private character, "having never pinched my children, nor kicked my wife out of bed," there is no doubt but this Puff will not be inserted in vain.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

June 10th, 1817.

J. LISTON.

## 3. *Increase of Salary.*

LAVINIA FENTON (afterwards Duchess of Bolton) was tempted by Rich from the Haymarket to Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the year 1728, by a salary of 15s. per week. *O tempora et mores!* Who now shall blame Young, moved from his post by no less increase than £5. per week? On the success of "*The Beggars Opera*," to secure this valuable actress, Rich raised it to 30s. We have heard, that the lady now most deservedly so popular in this opera

thought £20. too low a price for her weekly services; yet assuredly the rage of the town after Miss Fenton was greater, for she was obliged to be guarded home every night by a considerable party of her confidential friends, to prevent her being run away with. Stephens and Kelly—hide your diminished heads!

#### 4. *Mrs. Kemble's Yarico.*

In the year 1794, Mrs. Kemble visited Scotland, and performed Yarico one evening at Dumfries, where Burns the poet saw her. After the performance, he presented her with the following impromptu:

Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief  
Of Moses and his rod:  
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,  
The rock with tears had flow'd.

#### MISS PATON and MISS A. M. TREE.

Is it really true, as the report seems to avow, and no contradiction appears to question, that Miss Tree has refused to play with Miss Paton? if so, we are sorry for it; not merely for the public's sake, but that Miss Tree should have so unadvisedly proceeded: with her are associated the most bewitching recollections;—the young, the tender, and the beautiful;—the smile of Hebe! and the voice of Syren! and we do not admire to lose the fair being of fancy's decorating engaged in "sharp upbraidings and continual jars." We like a little romantic valuation; and, how much more should we be gratified by witnessing Miss Tree move in that sphere to which she draws with sweetest witchery our captive senses: how we would rather behold the lovely forest Marian, than the prettiest turned "why's" or "wherefore's" from her fair hand in the Morning Chronicle in answer to specific charges, made by some angry, ungallant, Doctor Johnson-like enquirer. We only ask, "why" does Miss Tree refuse? and, were it in our power to infuse a sufficient degree of persuasion in the interrogatory,—as "*why* won't you" is frequently a great conciliator, or at least a silencer to the antipathies and objections of a lady,—we should esteem the public much gratified by our interference.—Miss Tree has refused to play with Miss Paton; and for such refusal has incurred the customary fine of £30.—A silly publication makes the following observation on it.—"Miss M. Tree has been a highly favoured performer, not merely from her vocal talents, but from a belief that she is unassuming and amiable in her private capacity. Should a different opinion be taken up by the public,

her *pretty PIPE* would hardly keep her in the distinguished station she has of late held in the estimation of her audienecs."—Very gentlemanly and very argumentative all this.—In the first place, a fine is instituted for a refusal:—that fine is paid—thereby the offender is acquitted of the offence by the penalty suffered.—The managers make a charge for the injuries which they may suppose themselves to be liable—and the adverse party, thus answering its disinclination, must be exculpated from all public reproach. Such refusal may be grounded on a fear of incompetency; certainly not in the present case—no matter; the imposition is not levied on the motive. With respect to Miss Tree's amiably and unassuming manners, we would ask if they or her *pretty pipe* (refined commentator!) have most contributed to her success? Or if the former endowments would alone have been sufficient claims upon the treasury.—Canting nonsense!—Virtue united with talent is certainly desirable; but is it to be argued that the one is only patronized by its dependance on the other:—how many lamentable examples give the "loud lie" to it.

For ourselves, we earnestly hope that Miss Tree will accede to the wishes of the public; yet, should a refusal still be persisted in, we hope that other arrangements will be made in order to insure to us the speedy re-appearance of Miss Paton.

## Theatrical Diary.

### DRURY LANE.

Jan. 13th, *Richard the Third, Golden Age*.—14th, *Augusta, or the Blind Girl*, Simpson and Co. Pantomime.—15th, *Othello*, Pantomime.—16th, *Augusta*, Simpson and Co. Pantomime.—17th, *Othello*, Pantomime.—18th, *Love in a Village*, Pantomime.—20th, *Brutus*, Pantomime.—21st, *School for Scandal*, Pantomime.—22nd, *Cymbeline*, Pantomime.—23rd, Simpson and Co. *Old and Young*, Pantomime.—24th, *Cymbeline*, Pantomime.—25th, *Siege of Belgrade*, Pantomime.

Jan. 14th.—A new drama in 3 acts, translated from the French, called "*Augusta, or the Blind Girl*," was presented this evening: its reception was very indifferent. In fact, we are surprised how it were possible to obtain so patient a hearing as it did. Three immensely long and tedious acts, fully participating in all the dullness and monotony of the French stage, without inheriting the smallest portion of its interest—our readers may form a tolerable good opinion of the merits of this translation, and its lack of incident, when we observe, that there were but three scenes presented to our



notice during an elapse of *forty minutes* through each; with a recital of the sufferings, and then the enjoyments of *Augusta the Blind Girl*, (Mrs. W. West) of her strange, "passing strange," and unhappy memoirs—of her having once rescued a youth (*Ernest*) from some imminent danger, of her many pleasing hours of *tête à tête* subsequently with him in receipt of his gratitude—of his sudden and afflicting departure from her residence (the Castle of Rheinsberg) and other painful events, of which she is the unfortunate victim. We are then introduced to her Cousin *Caroline* (Mrs. Davison) with whom she resides, and who is under matrimonial engagements, or something that way, with the *Count of Osburg*, (Cooper)—he arrives at the villa in great pomp and magnificence to perform his covenants, the presence of *Augusta* alarms him, she too, in the most miraculous manner, (but blind persons are supposed to do wonders) discovers her former companion and lover *Ernest*, and is equally alarmed and surprised at the purport of his visit. *Herman* (Penley) has a "bantering affection" for *Caroline*, and to *Augusta* relates his distresses arising from the overtures and attentions of *Osburg* to *Caroline*, which her "fair cousin" feels, in a similar degree,—however ultimately the said *Count* is touched with the force of the former kindnesses of *Augusta*, and is resolved to decline matters with *Caroline* in consequence thereof—he then persuades *Augusta* to undergo an operation for the recovery of her sight—she at length consents—and so much is the talent and skill of the oculist brought into question, that we expect to meet with old *Sir William Adams* metamorphosed—when we are told by the *Count of Osburg*, that pity and esteem for *Augusta* had inspired him to forsake her, in order to learn the art and science attending opthalmism, and further, of his having served a "many years apprenticeship"—and of the "thousand of eyes" which his hands have opened!!!—he it is then who undertakes the task—he succeeds, and is rewarded by the hand of *Augusta*. We need make no further comment upon the outrages of nature committed in the drama of *Augusta*, and of the improbabilities it contains, than by saying, they are the worst and most imperfect we ever beheld—the unprofitable and fatiguing situations Mrs. W. West encountered must have been troublesome indeed—every praise is indebted to her for the performance of a character under such disadvantages. Mrs. Davison had very little to do, and Knight still less. Penley as *Herman*, an impatient, jealous and scrupulous lover, was very good.

On Monday last *Brutus* was played.—We observed no other particular excellencies in Mr. Kean's representation of *Brutus* than



as heretofore—nor were his exertions less praiseworthy and successful. Mr. Cooper sustained *Titus* with much ability.

Shakspeare's play of "*Cymbeline*" produced for the first time at this theatre, on the 22nd instant, combining the united efforts of Kean and Young, in another feature in the list of novelties that could not fail in attraction: in addition to which a young lady, (Miss Williams) made her first appearance on any stage, as *Imogen*: these announcements, and with the satisfaction of the cast in general, we looked for a certain something likely to be derived from its representation of superior order.

Miss Williams is introduced to a London audience under the hacknied phrase of "*first appearance on any stage*," this sort of information is decidedly wrong, and equally prejudicial:—no persons are more liberal in their patronage, or make greater allowance for the debutante of a patent theatre, than the public of the metropolis. If there be talent in the aspirant to Thespian fame, it is ever rightly appreciated. A popular daily journal (The Times) intimates, that Miss Williams is of the Bath stage: this information we take upon ourselves confidently to correct. What practice the young lady has shared was at Cheltenham; we remember her debut, and further, had the misfortune (or good fortune, as we are not disposed to be harsh,) to witness her endeavours in *Rosalvina* (without the songs) to Braham's *Count Belino*, in the opera of the "*Devil's Bridge*." Indeed, the indifference of her reception was such, that although announced for this very character *Imogen*, it was considered most practicable to withdraw her name for the part, and at a short notice, (so we are given to understand,) Miss Smithson was sent for to perform the character: with this knowledge of Miss Williams's ability, we attended the first appearance on the boards of Drury, not expecting much. The figure of Miss W. is slender, and about the middle stature; there is an expression of softness in the features, but it appears only at intervals, and the transition to that of grief or resentment is too sudden and affected to be good;—there is too much apparent study in all her movements, and yet not retaining the power of effect. Miss Williams learnt the part of *Imogen*, and reads it accordingly:—this is all—for intense feeling,—for fullness of thought—for brilliancy of passion—for dignity of contempt when assailed by the wily *Iachimo*,—and other glowing qualities, which the character of *Imogen* calls forth, Miss Williams has not an idea of displaying.

The first scene of the second act, where *Iachimo* is introduced, was her best essay. The forest scene in the fourth act, where she is discovered with the body of *Cloten*, commands peculiar oppor-

tunity for good acting : its effect was wholly lost in the hands of Miss W. Her last scene, and the meeting with *Leonatus*, was quite inferior. In conclusion, this young lady has much to contend against ere her abilities can be pronounced efficient.

Kean, as *Posthumous*, lost none of his superiority in the present undertaking. To speak tacitly of the performance,—it imbibed all the warmth and energy that possibly could be given : his first scene with *Iachimo*, and the calmness with which he treated the levities of the haughty Italian, was admirable :—his perturbed and agonizing sensations, on the return of *Iachimo*, in the third act, where *Iachimo* boasts of his having won the honor of *Imogen*, was the excellence of nature ! his continual disbelief of the assertions of *Iachimo*, and where he is told the description of *Imogen's* chamber, his reply of

“What's this t' her honor,”

merited great applause. His burst of passion, in the assurance of *Iachimo's* success,

“O that I had her here, to tear her piecemeal,”

was equally descriptive. His combat, in the third scene of the fourth act, with *Iachimo*, was terrific :—his manner of subduing his fallen opponent

“Yield thee, or thou diest,”

and the satisfaction in which he exclaims,

“Take thy life, and mend it,”

after *Iachimo* has discovered himself, were momentary passions, opposite in their nature, and both impressively striking. His final presence with *Iachimo*, whose penitence he listens to with perfect solemnity, and the ardour of his rushing forward with the exclamation,

“So thou do'st, Italian fiend,”

and his expression when reconciled to his wife,

“Hang here like fruit, my soul,

“Till the tree die !”

awakened the sympathy of every heart. Mr. Young's *Iachimo* partook of all the haughtiness and cunning it required : the ease and good humour in which he kindled the doubts and jealousy of *Posthumous* were excellent ; but those of our readers who have seen his *Iago* may fully imagine his performance in the tragedy of “*Cymbeline*.” The part of *Cloten* was played by Penley with considerable vivacity ; but the character is somewhat extravagant, and would have been rendered more remarkable by Harley. For what reason does he not play it ?

A Mr. Younge, who we recollect some evenings since, performed *Pisanio* with much care and ability. The characters generally

were respectably sustained. The glee of "*Hark the Lark*" was executed with some taste; but the arrangement of the Dances which followed was by no means good,—it ought to be omitted.

### COVENT GARDEN.

Jan. 13th, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Harlequin and the Ogress*.—14th, *Maid Marian*, *Pantomime*.—15th, *Henry VIII. Pantomime*.—16th, *School for Scandal*, *Pantomime*.—17th, *Beggar's Opera*, *Irish Tutor*, *Pantomime*.—18th, *Maid Marian*, *Pantomime*.—20th, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Pantomime*.—21st, *Maid Marian*, *Pantomime*.—22nd, *Henry VIII. Pantomime*.—23rd, *School for Scandal*, *Pantomime*.—24th, *Maid Marian*, *Pantomime*.—25th, *Henry VIII. Pantomime*.

**HENRY VIII.**—It was with much pleasure we witnessed the revival of this play. How many delightful remembrances of transcendent and embodied genius does it associate. "*Henry VIII.*"—Kemble! Siddons! with what an indissoluble link does fancy unite them! the vital representation of this play, seemed, as it were, to partake of a nature (if we may be pardoned the expression), *hamydryadal*;—when the noble histrionic piles were o'erthrown by time, how much soul and beauty seemed to us threatened with extinction—'twas the lamp without the taper. These retrospective visitations are gratifying to the imagination, and the right of departed merit; yet it frequently occurs, they prejudice judgment, and oversway reason. We confess we were most devoted admirers of the *Katherine* and *Wolsey* of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons: they appeared to us those in whom we could recognize the magnanimous, injured *Queen*, and the wily, arrogant, high-minded *Wolsey*. An attendance however, on Wednesday night at this theatre, has convinced us, that this excellence has suffered more in kind than in degree in their representation by Mrs. Ogilvie and Macready.

We have little hesitation in asserting, that this lady is no mean acquisition to this theatre. First appearances are in general dubious examples; with this assurance we again attended here on Wednesday evening last, and were satisfied beyond the hopes we had formed from the inseparable defects of a first appearance. Mrs. Ogilvie possesses a commanding figure, expressive countenance, with a good voice, though, we are afraid, not sufficiently powerful for the delineation of the stronger passions—notwithstanding it is extremely harmonious, and capable of great modulation. Her statement of the grievances of the people to *Henry*, was elegantly simple, and chastely correct:—the feeling of benevolence seconded by the licence of an amiable wife, whose greatest wish was that her husband "should love himself," was an amiable

contrast to the deep and subtle parryings of *Wolsey*. In the trial, she more commanded our pity for the spouse and mother, than for the despoiled *Queen*. In her appeal to *Henry*—"I have borne ye many children," her whole heart appeared as supplicating in agony for his consideration, though as only immediate to her offspring. Yet a bright flash of the high-soul'd *Katherine* lived in—"Lord Cardinal, to you I speak:" and the returning pride of the *Queen* appeared as greatly struggling against her accumulating sorrows, yet evidently keeping the mastery. Her reproaches to the *Cardinal* were correct and spirited; yet here we could have wished a less limitation of Mrs. Ogilvie's powers. Her last scene she managed with as much ability as the awkwardness of the situation will permit—we admired particularly her reproof to the attendant for his forgetfulness of addressing her: and perhaps there was not a more successful effort of the evening than her last desire to be buried "as a *Queen*." The insult-broken spirit seemed as only fearful that its woe-worn habitation should not receive those frail observances of which it had been so brutally despoiled whilst living.

We are of opinion with others, that Mr. Macready is not sufficiently the *Cardinal* in the first part. There is not that tone which one is led to expect in the favourite that commanded "gilded troops who waited on his smiles;" still allowing that *Henry* was "a hard-ruled king," and of course, more needful to have the shew of moderation and humility. But when *Wolsey* fell, it was then Mr. Macready triumphed. How admirably did he embody the feelings of a man whose "heart is newly opened," when robbed by one chance, flung from nearly the highest pinnacle of worldly ambition to nought!—how finely did he meditate on the transitory hopes of enterprize, despising the means and actions which had so long busied his mind, and welcoming the reflection which shewed their nothingness. His counsel to *Cromwell* was excellent.

Mr. C. Kemble was classically correct in his personification of *Cromwell*. And we do not think a better *King Henry* than Eger-ton's possible;—He was the very inflated, despotic, uncivilized monster of English History. Mr. Abbot's last scene of *Buckingham* was in good keeping—more so than his first. We thought we observed a few mal-readings, rather unusual with this gentlemanly actor. To Mr. Baker we would advise a little less whining—more discrimination. Mr. Barnes, as *Lord Sands* was very facetious, and made much more of the part than we could have imagined possible.

---

#### ASTLEY'S THEATRE.

This Theatre closed on Friday week, and we regret to say, a very unsuccessful season.

## SURREY THEATRE.

The announcement of the first piece at this house, called *Real Life in London, or Scenes in St. James's and St. Giles's*, excited in us some fearful apprehensions that we were to endure another attack of the Tom and Jerry mania, and we attended the Theatre most unwillingly; but we are happy to say, we were equally surprised to find, instead of the "larks and speers of that *worthy trio*," a very interesting and moral piece, and what surprised us the more, was to see the name of Amherst in the bills as the author:—we have had occasion to speak several times of this gentleman's *usual style* of composition, and we must confess, we did not believe him capable of writing so good a piece—we are happy to congratulate him on the return of his *intellects*; as, judging from his former efforts, we presume they have been some time in *abeyance*; but

"Sed semel insanivimus omnes."

but upon consideration, we recollect to have seen this Drama played at the Coburg some time ago, when Mr. A. was principal *patch-work-maker* at that establishment:—the story is, however, well told, and it richly deserves the applause it receives.—

The comic Burletta of "*The Hunchbacks*," is a very lively and humorous piece, the success of which is mainly attributable to the excellent way in which it is played.—Burroughs as *Iback*, the lively brother, displayed considerable comic talent, and sung a song with great animation and effect.—J. Knight as the *Idiot*, gave us reason to alter our opinion of his abilities as an actor; we most cheerfully record our approbation of his able delineation of this little character, and we trust we shall often have occasion to repeat our praise—

The *Innkeeper of Abbeville*, notwithstanding it had been acted so frequently, continues to excite considerable interest. The Theatre has been tolerably, though not fully attended since our last.

Much as we have had occasion to commend the general arrangements of the performances at this Theatre, yet we think the spirited Manager of it might find better materials for his pieces, in the plays of the old writers, instead of resorting to the dramas produced at other Minor Theatres. We think it was very injudicious, and in very bad taste, to play two pieces in one evening that have been borrowed from the Coburg and the Sans Pariel, the latter of which brought out some years ago a Burletta similar to the "*Hunchback's*."

## WEST LONDON THEATRE.

We were glad to see the benefit of the Caledonian Philanthropists so respectably patronised as on Monday evening. Mr. Brunton endeavoured to *read* the following address. At first, seeing Mr. B. stalk on with due solemnity, we imagined that he bore the unfortunate tidings of some untoward illness; but was surprised at hearing him commence a *perusal* of the said address. Why did not Mr. B. include in his charges an item for managerial condescension in *studying* it?

There is a nameless feeling in the hour  
 When charity exerts her magic pow'r:  
 When the full bosom swells for other's woe,  
 And pity's features clad in heav'nly glow,  
 With look of promise pregnant joys bespeak,  
 Whilst love and rapture dimple in her cheek.  
 To-night to mimic scenes she gives her name;  
 Her cares no less, her purpose still the same;  
 Her hand, directed by dear Scotland's youth,  
 The gifts of heaven, portioned out by truth!  
 Their anxious care to search the hidden grief,  
 To find the wound, but find to give relief!  
 To dash the tear from wan affliction's eye!  
 To plant the smile, and still the mourner's sigh!  
 To think all equal in this narrow span,  
 And fill the gap that mis'ry makes 'tween man!  
 O! needs it not the studied polish'd phrase  
 To deck the cause: the bright transcendant rays  
 Of charity burn ever unrepressed  
 Within each lib'ral philanthropic breast!  
 Yes, 'tis its gen'rous glow that now controuls,  
 And 'bodies here so many kindred souls:  
 The precious cement to all mankind given,  
 The first, the best, the greatest prize of heav'n!  
 Yet, ere I leave—some words for other fears—  
 Be not too harsh—if fault or want appears.  
 “For, if to the actors some few errors fall,  
 “Think of the *cause*, and you'll forget them all.”

Then followed the play of the “*Honey Moon*.” The audience appeared determined to be pleased, and this good-natured feeling bestowed an unqualified approbation on all. In fact, it is but our duty, as Theatrical Journalists, that tempts a notice of these performances; for much cannot be expected by way of encomium towards unpractised candidates; and warned through Mr. Brunton that criticism should have nothing to do with *charity*, (which not-

withstanding, Mr. B. requires a double share of) censure is mollified into silence, or at most, a bare naming of faults. *Duke Aranza* took the quiet medium between any thing despicable, and any thing near perfection; some of his readings were good, so much so, as to cause our surprise at his absence in other points.—To *Rolando* we say the same. *Montalban* and *Balthazar* were very praise-worthy. The mock *Duke*, by a gentleman, whose acting name is *Winks*—(how charming is mystery!) was very humorous, and “ah, more rare, not extravagant,” as was likewise *Lampedo*. Indeed, every one may justly claim his share of credit for his exertions.

But the ladies—they are fair game for investigation, being professional. Miss Norton,—“a word to the wise,” *Juliana*, it is true, has a spice of the termagant, but not a jot of vulgarity. The feelings of hurt and disappointed pride should be spoken, not ranted. *Violante* may be better when she will. We would not speculate much upon *Zamora*. After the play followed the *Highland Dance*, which was excellent, every one seeming inspired by the cause they had met to further. “*The Battle of Culloden*,” and “*Love has Eyes*,” were well sung; as was “*We’re a’ Noddin*,” by Miss Holdaway. “*Ella Rosenberg*” wound up the evening, and equal respectability pervaded its representation. *Rosenberg* and the *Colonel* were very correctly given, and, in fact, every one contributed most unanimously his modicum of talent.

The comedy of “*The Busy Body*” has been tolerably well performed here this week—Brunton as *Marplot* pleased us much better than of late—his bustling, anxious, and inquisitive manner, was quite *au fait*. Hooper played *Sir George Airy* with his usual respectability. Miss Norton as *Miranda*, and Miss Apsey as *Isabinda*, were both deserving of praise. The ballet of “*The Rival Lovers*” is perfectly calculated to display the gawky abilities of a Mr. Webb and Mr. Chatterton: they seem to be highly satisfied with their endeavours—we cannot say as much for ourselves. “*The Reflected Oath*,” a melo-drama, worked up and altered from a piece called *The Castle of Paluzzi*, is rendered interesting, and was well performed—the house was not attended so numerous as we have noticed.

Mr. Brunton closed the season and his management upon Saturday evening last. Mr. Loveday takes a benefit on Monday, and Mr. Beverley re-opens upon Tuesday.

#### ROYAL COBURG.

*Tippoo Saib* has been produced here with much splendour and historic truth.—Our limits prevent us entering further on its pretensions at present; but shall give due notice of it in our next.

#### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

“*Joan of Arc*” was played here last week, we suppose, for the purpose of introducing a stud of horses. We wish it had been something new. “Always Joan of Arc,—always Joan of Arc.” Notwithstanding, we witnessed Mrs. Egerton with unabated interest. She conceives the inspired heroine, and filial daughter, in the very



truth of nature. Her resignation at the trial, was powerfully indicative of a soul enthralled by a sense of conscious virtue, capable of no other feeling than pity towards its persecutors—and the sentence “if heaven look on,” &c. breathed the very life of innocent devotion. The meeting with her father, when he is about to be consigned to the stake, was painfully real; and the mental struggle for its wonted ascendancy, previous to the unsuccessful appeal to *Beauvais*, was passion’s most eloquent dumb-show:—even the gods caught the “soft affection,”—“we could have hugged the greasy rogues; they pleased us.” Indeed it is that species of performance on which one could write for ever, “still ending in silent admiration!” Mr. Vining was extremely correct in the representation of the gallant soldier, when Mars and Cupid strive for empire. Vale industriously bustled through *Valianto*, we would tell him though, we’ve seen Keely in it, and the mind is tenacious of first impressions. One would hint to Miss Johnson (*en ami*) that what may be very allowable in the soldier fails to be so in the woman. There is no occasion for copying her lover’s gesticulation in his threat to *Valianto*. *Hotspur* recommends to his wife a “good mouth-filling oath;” yet we should be much surprised and shocked at *Lady Percy*’s adopting it. We know Miss J. has too much good sense to be offended at the naming of a fault, and too much prudence to persist in it. Mr. Lewis is (to vulgarize a little) “a werry nice man” in the *Corinthian*:—but kings were not manufactured from robes, stars, and feathers, in former times: ’tis more necessary to speak than to look well. His sentence, “Woman of wonder,” &c. strongly reminded us of the declamatory Mr. *Doublelungs* in Mathews’s “*Nightingale Club*.”

The Pantomime continues to attract; it has been much altered, and certainly much improved, since its first production; an entire change of performance is promised this week.

#### ADELPHI THEATRE.

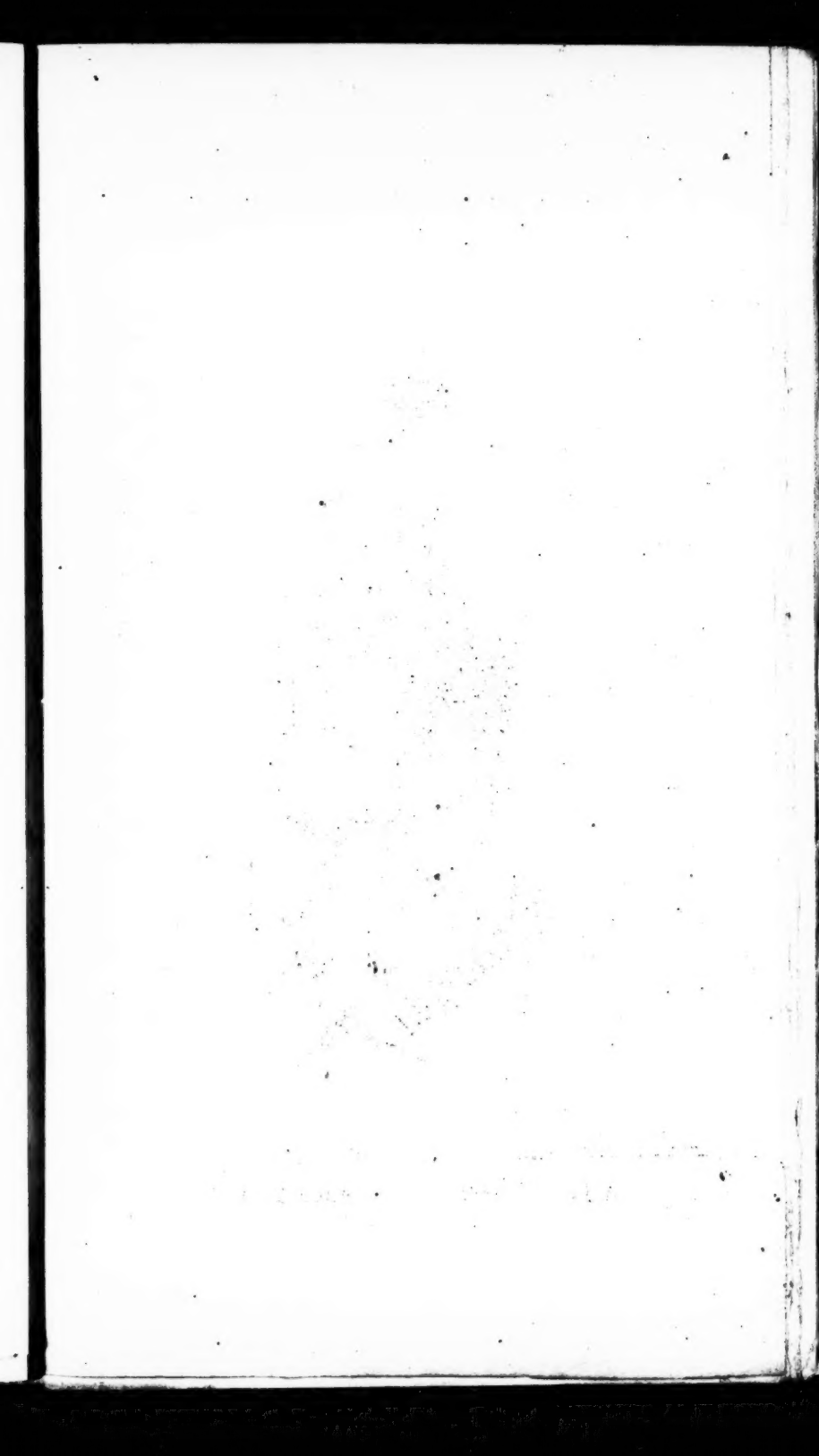
This little Theatre still runs “*Green in France*,” and with much deserved success.—It is, as we have before mentioned, wholly divested of the “*flash*” which abounded in such disgusting plentitude in *Tom and Jerry*. There are many very humorous situations; of course, many improbable ones; but we recommend every one to see it. Wilkinson, Wrench, Reeve, &c. are unwearied in their exertions.—Mrs. Daly—we should like a little more of the woman in the *Irish Landlady*.

#### Thespian Oracle.

Mr. Bennett, from the Bath Theatre, will make his first appearance before a London audience this evening in *Richard the 3rd*.

Mr. H. Johnston has opened a New Theatre in Edinburgh, under the title of “The Caledonian Theatre,” with “*Gilderoy*”—and the receipts of the night were £180: they have had excellent houses since—a new Pantomime is advertised, and various other novelties.

Mr. DOBBS, late of the West London Theatre, will shortly make his appearance at the Coburg.





MISS FOOTE AS MARGARET.  
*in Nigel.*